

A BANQUET OF LEVITY

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☞ Ahem! ☜

Deadline for the next issue is January 15. The theme: "Romance"

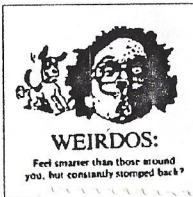


It's also time to submit individual official Guild titles for listing in the year-end issue. (If we have neglected to refer to you as the Marquis of Malaprop or the Duchess of Desire, now's the time to set the record straight.) Remember, patronage and bribery are gleefully accepted by our august sovereigns.

the JESTER

c/o The Fools' Guild
2116 Loma Vista Place
Los Angeles, CA 90039

"What a waste it is to lose one's mind—or not to have a mind. How true that is."
—Dan Quayle

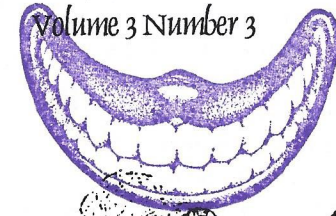


Daniel Singer
669 E. Villa St
Pasadena, CA 91101



the JESTER

Volume 3 Number 3



Rabbi Ber... of Be... the market at... meet Elijah. C... anyone... world to... said to him: The... standing there when two... said to him, "What do you do?" They said to him, "We are jesters, and make the sad to laugh. When we see two men quarreling, we strain ourselves to make peace between them."

Foolsome Holidays!



THE JESTER is the official organ of the Fools' Guild, a loose confederation of humans who accept, acknowledge, variously ponder profusely upon, and joyously celebrate foolishness, absurdity, joviality, and humor in its myriad aspects.

CONTRIBUTIONS are gleefully accepted; all rights to the published works remain with the original authors. The Fools' Guild and *The Jester* assume no responsibility for any of the opinions expressed herein—nor for anything else, for that matter!

SUBSCRIPTIONS are free (by royal decree) to individuals who sign up at guild events. Nonetheless, we humbly request that you voluntarily send the paltry sum of \$7 each spring (checks payable to **Steve Marshall**). Contributions are the only way to obtain funds for printing and mailing this publication. Your financial support enables us to publish *The Jester*.

Editorial Offices

The Jester, c/o The Fools' Guild, 2116 Loma Vista Place, Los Angeles, CA 90039

Advertising Rates

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 Quarter page \$12
 Half page \$20
 Full page
 (6 1/2 inches by 7 1/2 inches) \$35

Please make all checks payable to **STEVE MARSHALL** and mail to our editorial offices.

Deckin' Them Halls

Are you tired of borrowing your friend's copies of *The Jester* and wish you could get your own? Do you know of someone you'd like to add to our mailing list?

Mail us a check or money order for \$7 (payable to Steve Marshall), include the individual's name and address where *The Jester* is to be mailed, and we'll see that they get a year's worth of our wit. It's like any other subscription, only a whole lot

cheaper. **Caveat:** There's a bit of a delay between the time we receive the information and when you or your

recipient become a subscriber. Although we hate that "Allow four to six weeks for delivery" cliché as much as the next person, please be patient with our "Subscription Department"—you know what fools these mortals be.

"Smoking kills. If you're killed, you've lost a very important part of your life."

—**Brooke Shields**

Edifoolorial Stuff

All malapropisms are lifted from *The 776 Stupidest Things Ever Said* by Ross & Kathryn Petras. God bless the syntactically challenged, every one.

Sanity Clause—Frisolous Wrex II

Nutcrackeditor—Cate Bramble

Contributing Elves—Jeffrey Briar (author of our Mission Statement), Paula Foster; exquisite Hallowe'en photo opportunities by Mackey and TRH FR II

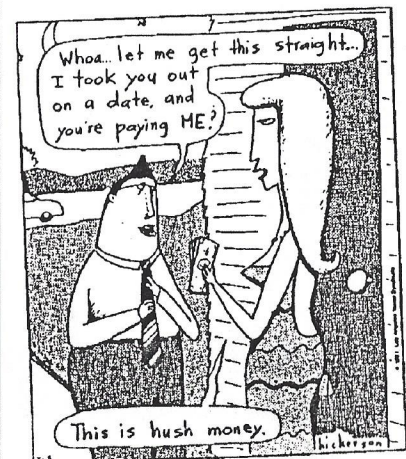
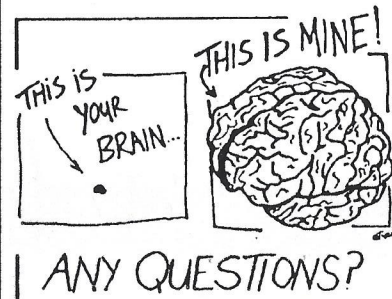
Sugar Plum Printer—Lynn Grosslight

Be part of this list! Send us a few pictures (your best quality ones, please!) of the New Year's bash in time for our Jan. 15th deadline. Send return postage on a return-addressed envelope if you want them back.

T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

This stunning design is available for \$14.95 by calling 510.654.1064. Have your Visa or MasterCard ready.

Honest, it isn't from a Mensa catalog.



Foolenar

DECEMBER

11 Dickens Christmas Spectacular—An evening of seasonal Victorian entertainments presented by our own Abbot of Unreason and many other familiar Foolish faces. Lively scenes from Dickens, music hall sing-alongs, dancing, and savoury food and drink. At Davies Memorial Hall in Alta Dena from 7 PM to midnight. Tickets are \$23. Call 818.449.0665 for information.

11-12 Dramatis Personæ do scenes from Shakespeare's plays at the Huntington Library, 1:30 and 3:30 PM

12, 16 Caroling at the Huntington Library—2 PM on the 12th; 2:30 and 3:30 PM on the 16th

31 New Year's Party at Boys' Camp. **Iniquity** 1. Moral turpitude or sin; wickedness; 2. A grossly immoral act; a sin. 3. The theme for our New Year's party; turn to page 5.

Ongoing Activities—Fridays & Saturdays

Films at the Silent Movie Theater, 611 N. Fairfax in Hollywood. Showtime is always 8 PM. For information call 213.653.2389

AND THE CULTURE MAVENS SUGGEST . . .

The Art of Attack features 150 contemporary satiric works (many never before seen in the U.S.) on exhibit at the Armand Hammer Museum through January 2, 1994. Call 310.443.7000 for more information.

The Los Angeles Central Library (downtown) has reopened after substantial renovation and expansion. Now there's an auditorium, a puppet theater, beautiful grounds, and glorious new art in the form of murals and fountains—plus restoration of the library's existing eclect-

ic works. Don't forget there's state-of-the-art information services and an incredible book collection.

The Royal Tombs of Sipán is a breathtaking exhibit of gold, silver, and turquoise objects from the richest pre-Columbian tomb ever discovered. This astonishing cache was found in 1,700-year-old burial chambers in a small pyramid. The tombs were the final resting place of three high-ranking officials of the Moche culture, which predates the Incas. At UCLA's Fowler Museum of Cultural History until January 2,

1994. Call 310.825.4361 for details.

For lovers of the family Chiroptera, whose members are otherwise known as *ledhrblaka*, "leather-flappers," or bats, the Burbank Natural History Museum has an exhibit guaranteed to drive you "batty." For information call 818.557.3562.

Jewels of Fantasy, 350 works by Lalique, Chanel, Schiaparelli, Dior, and others on display at the County

(Please turn to page 11)

TELEPHOOL—Rachel Neff 213.465.0653
 for more information and to make suggestions for other events

WHAT IF SEX WAS CLEAN BUT FOOD WAS DIRTY? BY WILL DURST

When you think of it, there are only two things you need to make people. You got to have sex. You got to have food. That's it. You don't need clothing, shelter, or TV. Okay, maybe TV, but otherwise, it's sex and food. But for some reason, sex is dirty. Maybe God was a Republican. Somebody said, "All right, you want to propagate, go ahead, but only late at night, with all the doors closed, man on top, once a week, that's it." But not only can you eat the charred decaying flesh of other major mammals, you can do it in broad daylight and invite all your friends to watch: "Hey, Chuck, why don't you come over on Sunday? We're going to kill a pig, cut him up, burn him, and eat him. Bring the kids, have a hell of a time."

What if they had been switched around? What if, through a simple twist of fate, sex was clean but food was dirty? Our entire culture would change. Food would become a four-letter word.

♣ When people got angry at you, they'd yell out "Oh yeah? Well, food you. Suck cheese you Popsicle slurper."

Harlequin is the clown who is no fool, a watcher who pretends to entertain.

Like the acrobat and clown, and like the artist himself, he lives on the fringe of things, and his art, like theirs, is the product of his

- ♣ Punks in passing cars would flip you the fork.
- ♣ Flashers would have pizzas strapped to their chests. "Ohmigod. It's pepperoni."
- ♣ Locker room talk would change. "Hey, man, how'd



you do this weekend?" "Two burgers and a bag of fries. Crinkle cut."

- ♣ Garlic would be illegal in most Southern states.
- ♣ Supermarkets would check I.D.'s and charge admission to the poultry section.
- ♣ Frederick's of Hollywood would feature peekaboo napkins and day-of-the-week paper plates.



suffering. All his faces are lies which describe the truth of his existence—all are disguises which reveal even as they conceal.



- ♣ Foreplay would be listed as a menu selection.
- ♣ Vice squads would conduct raids on backyard barbecues. "All right, put down your meat. Just back away from the buns, mister."
- ♣ Vegetarians would be prohibited from becoming teachers and a lot of them would move to the Bay Area.
- ♣ Most suburban school districts would ban home ec.
- ♣ Hookers would become cooks. You'd be accosted on street corners by plump ladies in Day-Glo aprons. "Hey, big boy, looking for a hot meal? Wanna crack some crab?"
- ♣ Fundamental Christians would make meat and potatoes a religious tenet.
- ♣ Many sexual positions would be found to be carcinogenic.
- ♣ Parents would tell their children not to play with their food or they'll go blind.
- ♣ Kids would remember the first time their mother caught them marinating.

"I believe we are on an irreversible trend toward more freedom and democracy. But that could change."

—Dan Quayle

All Roughnecks and Fine Ladies are invited to the

DEN OF INIQUITY

to celebrate New Year's Eve with the Fools' Guild beginning at 8 PM

We've invited the SEVEN DEADLY SINS™ to do outreach to the Guild—come meet your favorite and expect a midnight surprise

Our den will feature the finest in cardinal extravagances!

☛ LUST • PRIDE • ENVY

There will be a ladies-only lingerie lounge next to a voyeur's viewing room

☛ GLUTTONY & AVARICE

Exceptional food and drink & a midnight champagne toast are included in the \$13 admission.

☛ SLOTH

Cabins are available—if you want to reserve one, contact Le Dome at 213.664.9473
Procrastination is underway, so plan now to enter the new year with a fool or two.

☛ ANGER

We'll be really pissed if you miss the party. Bring your friends, if you have any.



DIRECTIONS: Enter Griffith Park from Riverside Drive off Los Feliz. Go left at the third stop sign; look for Fool signs and make a left turn into Boys' Camp

RATED
PG-17

Feel free to copy this invitation and send it to your friends!

We don't have much set-up time, so we are in critical need of volunteers who can help install or do prefab at home. If you want to have a piece of the party you can call your own, please contact Darla Hitchcock at 818.398.6730

VOX FRIVOLOUS

Oscar Wilde Elementary School

Halloween was a great party: interesting costumes, good music, plenty of food, wacky decor, and a lot of folks to dance and laugh with. Yours truly worried up to the last minute that maybe the theme was too subtle, that Sunday night was a handicap, that the publicity was insufficient, that we'd run out of something.

Anxiety was needless. There were plenty of themed costumes, but that didn't stop anyone from wearing anything they wanted—ourselves included. Our favorite moment was Billy Scudder as Edward Scissorhands stabbing open his prize—a set of knives. If you missed it, you missed a treat.

Thanks from the Guild (especially from Frivolous II) to:

- Jack Tate—overall party design and execution
- Marshall, Patrick, Mackey, and Tate—heavy hauling
- Bobi and Marguerite—food presentation
- Bob—beer and lights
- David—tireless door management
- Cate—*The Jester*
- Paula—signage

and a lot of Fools for set-up and tear-down: Hawk, Jonnathan, Dot, Kevin, Rachel, Betsy, Terry, Darla (Nurse Darla), Karen, Katella, and probably some others I've forgotten. Oh, yes—and thanks to Dingo for enthusiasm and floor patrol.

Philosophically, Frivolous Rex II believes that we'd rather party than mess with drink tickets, so we put the price at \$10 to include all your beverages. We also like to get enough to eat at a party, so you can count on that, too. The next party will continue these practices, so tell your friends that it's the best New Year's bargain in town.

And speaking of New Year's—

Den of Iniquity will be spearheaded by Darla, and we've got some sensational ideas—tableaux vivant, voyeurs, etc. We'd love to hear what you have in mind, so call Darla at 818.398.6730 and volunteer.



Our Favorite OWES Permission Slips

"Permishun 4 Kenny to play."—signed by Vince's Mom's dog
 "To Whom it May Concern: This note gives Nathan Scott full permission to come to the guild party and get annebriated annebriat Anne DRUNK!!"—signed with official pawprint of Kato ("my friend's wife's small dog") on the reverse side of a Sav-On register slip

Frank Panaro's slip was signed by intriguing stranger R.J. Wombat



WEIRDOS:

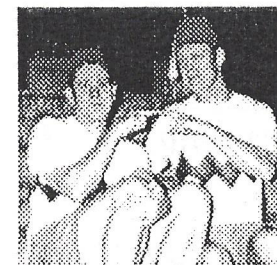
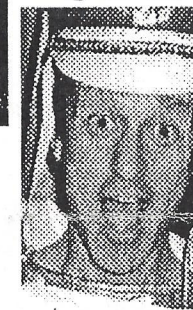
Feel smarter than those around you, but constantly stomped back?



Hey Guys!

News flash—good dancers make out with the babes!

At the parties, we've noticed that Patrick Turnbull and Jim Layne have scads of nubile flesh pressed against them. Okay, so Le Dome and Mackey both dance; but for most of you, the music plays and you go for another brew.

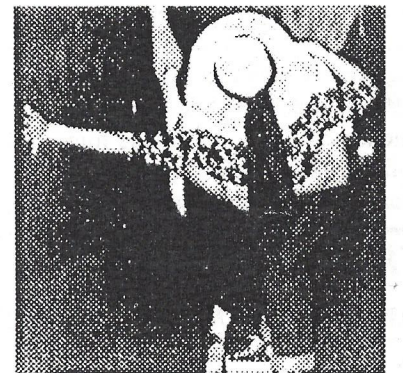


All dances work, but the best are ones where you can actually hold the woman in your arms and work her to your will. Given their options, our contacts across the gender border tell us that they'd rather have a man who dances than a man who . . . well, they tell me that how he does on the dance floor is *re-lated* to how he does in the sack.

Heterosexual men are often reluctant to subject themselves to learning how to dance, as they don't want to appear inadequate in front of women. Maybe they are afraid to move hips; I don't know. Maybe they don't want to look like a fool—except that in this context, it's expected.

And women: If you want to dance, *ask someone!* Men might not know you want to dance with them unless you do so. Also, don't expect the guys to sling you about the floor if you haven't a clue as to rhythm. Learn a few basics and maybe it'll work better.

This polemic courtesy of Frivolous Rex.



THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, PART 2

These bloopers, written by students from the eighth grade through college, were collected by teachers throughout the U.S. and pasted together. Read carefully and you will learn a lot.

THEN came the Middle Ages. King Alfred conquered the Dames, King Arthur lived in the Age of Shivery, King Harlod mustarded his troops before the Battle of Hastings, Joan of Arc was cannonized by George Bernard Shaw, and the victims of the Black Death grew boobs on their necks. Finally, the Magna Carta provided that no free man should be hanged twice for the same offense.

In midevil times most of the people were alliterate. The greatest writer of the time was Chaucer, who wrote many poems and verse and also wrote literature. Another tale tells of William Tell, who shot an arrow through an apple while standing on his son's head.

The Renaissance was an age in which more individuals felt the value of their human being. Martin Luther was nailed to the church door at Wittenberg for selling papal indulgences. He died a horrible death, being excommunicated by a bull. It was the painter Donatello's interest in the female nude that made him the father of the Renaissance. It was an age of great inventions and

discoveries. Gutenberg invented the Bible. Sir Walter Raleigh is a historical figure because he invented cigarettes. Another important invention was the circulation of blood. Sir Francis Drake circumcised the world with a 100-foot clipper.

The government of England was a limited mockery. Henry VIII found walking difficult because he had an abess on his knee. Queen Eliza-

"The United States has much to offer the third world war."

—Ronald Reagan*

*Repeated statement nine times in the same speech

beth was the "Virgin Queen." As a queen she was a success. When Elizabeth exposed herself before her troops, they all shouted "hurrah." Then her navy went out and defeated the Spanish Armadillo.

The greatest writer of the Renaissance was William Shakespear. Shakespear never made much money and is famous only because of his plays. He lived in Windsor with his merry wives, writing tragedies, comedies and errors. In one of Shakespear's famous plays, Hamlet rations out his situation by relieving himself in a long soliloquy.

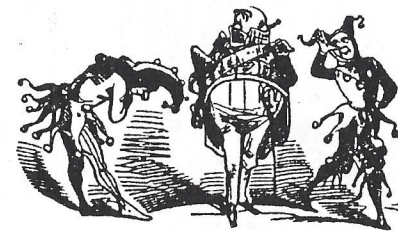
"Things are more like they are now than they ever have been."

—Gerald Ford

In another, Lady Macbeth tries to convince Macbeth to kill the King by attacking his manhood. Romeo and Juliet are an example of a heroic couplet. Writing at the same time as Shakespear was Miquel Cervantes. He wrote *Donkey Hote*. The next great author was John Milton. Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*. Then his wife dies and he wrote *Paradise Regained*.

During the Renaissance America began. Christopher Columbus was a great navigator who discovered America while cursing about the Atlantic. His ships were called the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Fe. Later the Pilgrims cross the ocean, and that was called the Pilgrim's Progress. When they landed at Plymouth Rock, they were greeted by Indians, who came down the hill rolling their war hoops before them. The Indian squabs carried porposies on their back. Many of the Indian heroes were killed, along with their cabooses, which proved very fatal to them. The winter of 1620 was a hard one for the settlers. Many people died and many babies were born. Captain John Smith was responsible for all this.

Next epoch: The Age of Enlightenment to the present



Readers Guide to Professional Foolspeak

translated by Billy Q. Barrett

This guide is an aid in understanding highfalutin pretentious professional fools who feel compelled to market their services with upscale high-tech ultratrendoid verbiage that, though ostensibly intended to attract and inform, may actually repel and obfuscate.

On the other hand, if you are a freelance jester that is currently nobody's fool, then perhaps these alternative job titles will serve as a tonic to put some pizzazz and pep in your heretofore mediocre marketing strategy.

Multiple Object Manipulator—Jug-gler

Balloon Art/Sculpture—Stupid balloon animals

Orally Inflated Sonic Flatulence Simulator—Whoopee cushion

International Neovaudevillean—Have whoopee cushion, will travel

Monovelicopedic Configuration—Unicycle

Renaissance Court Jester—Guy who likes to wear tights and annoy people

Mime Artist—Guy who likes to wear makeup and annoy people

Funambulistic Equilibrist—Can stand on one foot on slack rope

Elongated Ambulatory Meeter-Greeter—Stilt walker

Perfunctory Social Greeting Vibratory Surprise Device—Joy buzzer

Slapstick Tribute to Golden Age of Comedy—Keystone Cop

Picnic Clown—Clown at picnic

Personal Ads

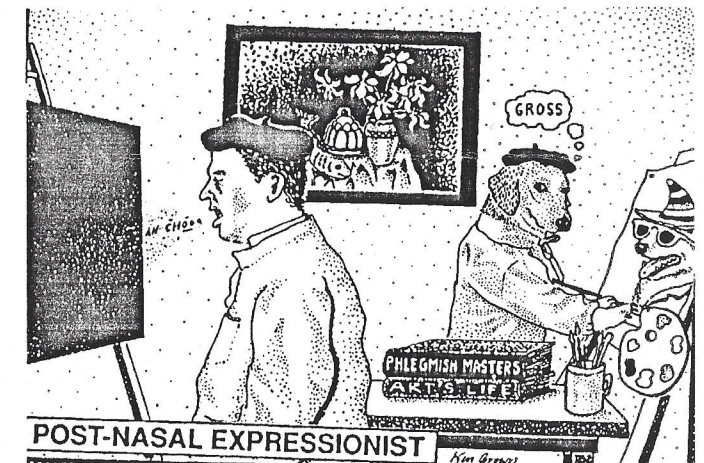
ATTRACTIVE BIG BLOND dog wants to meet female canines of any age, any breed, any time, anywhere, for a good time. Object: Sons of bitches. Call 213.664.9036 & ask for Floyd.

LOST: Virginity. It was around here someplace. Maybe it was mislaid.

FOUND: Pie. Identify and I'll let you have it!

POSITION OFFERED: Missionary. Take it or leave it.

POSITION WANTED: High pay, short hours, incredible perks, unlimited travel, congenial coworkers, pleasant surroundings, paid vacations and health plan, low stress, no dress code, and company car. Call Frivolous Rex II with your offers.



WHO READS THE JESTER?

(Besides you, I mean; and we all know about *you!*)

Responses to our latest survey enable us to imagine a frighteningly accurate image of our average reader:

Sex: *Yes.* This seemed to be the only point of complete agreement.

Age/mental age: A good way to compute mental age is to take

the square root of the chronological age and add 3.

Household configurations seemed to vary, but animals were clearly in control of most of them.

Income level had a few fluctuations, but most are between dirt poor and high on the hog. Everyone, however, seems to possess at least one outrageous hat.

Foolish News Wrap-Up

"Give Me A *!#?#!#*ing Raise!" The *New York Times* reported last January how Japanese annually celebrate New Year's Eve on a mountain in Ashikaga, 50 miles north of Tokyo. Participants walk in darkness to a temple while expressing themselves vocally in ways never permitted by their polite society. They scream obscenities and indecencies generally aimed at politicians or supervisors. Women are also permitted this rare opportunity to use abusive language.

Hello Central, Get Me Doctor Jazz—In January, Israel's national telephone company initiated a fax service that transmits messages to God via the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem. At a trade show in Vincenza, Italy in May, the Catholic Church unveiled a high-tech confessional that will accept confessions by fax. The *Syracuse Herald-Journal* reported in January that its telephone hotline, featuring excerpts of 1992's presidential debates, was successful except for one glitch: Ross Perot's

"You got to be careful if you don't know where you're going, because you might not get there."

—Yogi Berra

voice sometimes hit a pitch that mimicked a certain telephone tone that automatically shut down the system.

From the Foolish Crimes Blotter—Kenneth Moreson, 36, arrested in Portage, Indiana, in June after he forced a service station employee to sell him three quarts of oil after closing time. He then poured it on himself to ward off evil spirits. Fernando Rivera, 28, was arrested in New York City in July after attempting to rob an elderly woman in a bank line. Police believe that Rivera went to that bank because he didn't get the \$1,000 he'd expected from robbing another bank: he left a zero off his holdup note, and the teller dutifully gave him only \$100.

"I Can Be Trixie If You Want Me To Be Trixie"—South Boston's Soirée strip joint was profiled in a July issue of the *Boston Globe* and featured dancer Taylor Monet, 33, who believes she has the world's first inflatable breasts, the result of a "valve and hose" implantation. This device allows her to inject or extract a saline solution to vary the size of her silicone breasts between 40D and 96.

cause he didn't get the \$1,000 he'd expected from robbing another bank: he left a zero off his holdup note, and the teller dutifully gave him only \$100.

cause he didn't get the \$1,000 he'd expected from robbing another bank: he left a zero off his holdup note, and the teller dutifully gave him only \$100.



We Get Letters

Dear Jester:

Howdy all! A good verse I found in a book called *A Great Big Ugly Man Came Up and Tied His Horse to Me* goes like this:

*When I was a little boy
I had but little wit
'Tis a long time ago,
and I have no more yet;*

*Nor ever, ever shall,
Until I die,
For the longer I live,
The more Fool am I.*

Savor the flavor,
Patrick Williams



SEX WORDS!
What's Coming Up
on July 5, 1998.
\$1 for Intense Pamphlet!

WARM THANKS FROM THE FIRE ZONE

Billy, Milla, and Amanda wish to thank all who sent cool, wet thoughts and fire retardant prayers to us during the November fires. We are fine and unburnt even though flames licked our adjacent ridge. We are blessed to have so many caring fools for friends. Bless you.

SUBLET AVAILABLE

by former King o'Fools

Andy Davis'

furnished apartment is for rent

CHEAP!

to responsible party.

San Vicente between

La Brea & Fairfax

Looking for a 1-year occupancy

(more or less)

INFO: Jonnathon

(213) 656-6466

Astrological Foolcast by Billy Q. Barrett

ARIES (March 21–April 19): Look into developing a new sense of dread for a family member. Be wary of holiday recipes calling for banana slugs or Spam. Scenario highlights Victor Mature movies, pratfalls, trickery, and bingeing on menudo and Metamucil. Tonight: Kill Barney.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20): You can make great headway with a business project if you ignore expert advice. Mess up your desk, return no calls, and eat an entire tube of cookie dough with hard sauce. A stranger with nude photos of Rush Limbaugh for sale is not your soul mate. Tonight: Age gracefully.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20): This morning you will exude personal magnetism and sex appeal until you wake up. Use of helium and silly string in business presentation sets you apart from the rest. Uranus figures in relationship with overzealous body worker. Tonight: Come quietly.

CANCER (June 21–July 22): Spending other people's money can open new doors and put on about ten pounds. Speak in Haiku about overindulgence only until quite thin. A trip to the beach with an admirer may prove cold, wet, and sandy. Tonight: Check the tire inflation on your unicycle.

LEO (July 23–August 22): What is presented as finished product vastly sucks. This nicely feeds your sense of superiority. Hang mistletoe everywhere on the 19th. Your Jello

containing creamed corn is a big hit at office party. Tonight: Order another vanity plate.

VIRGO (August 23–September 22): Your attention to detail is something or another sometime this month. Do an impression of Lord Buckley at the next family get-together, with your mouth full of fruitcake while juggling sea monkeys, and enjoy the results. Tonight: Be beautiful feather.

LIBRA (September 23–October 22): Bobbing for jelly donuts at office party causes minor setback in social status. A gift of glow-in-the-dark condoms from an old flame will rekindle deep shit. Major breakthrough on the horizon involving Andy Gumps and cold fusion. Tonight: Gaze at love's splendor with eyes you've not used yet.

SCORPIO (October 23–November 21): Be more like Zippy the Pinhead in your business affairs. Be willing to chug-a-lug brandy-laced borscht to win new friends. You could be considering purchase of used aluminum Christmas tree with rotating color wheel; you are so *tasteful!* Tonight: Stare at cleavage.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22–December 21): Give in to another concerning an event with bunny slippers and enema bags. Spotlight on brooding, self-doubt, and nebulous angst. Tonight: Celebrate.

CAPRICORN (December 22–January 19): Make fashion statement with burlap and Twinkies. Discretely flash a supervisor. Grant

wishes. Savor the sunset with a total stranger, but keep your pepper spray handy. Tonight: Join in any Reindeer Games.

AQUARIUS (January 20–February 18): Be prepared to be caught off-guard. An exotic acquaintance with the letters E, A, and T in their name invites you to bongos party. Attend, but keep your pepper spray handy. A game of phone tag ends in heartache. Cheer yourself up by putting dingo balls on your rear view. Tonight: Consume mass quantities.

PISCES (February 9–March 20): Heated discussion about political correctness of ant farms strains relations with concubine. Never wear a baseball cap backwards. Be sensitive to bad carolers with large dogs. Go to a kegger on the morning of the 19th and don't barf on the hostess. Tonight: Wear your cap and bells to *The Nutcracker*.

CULTURE MAVENS

(Continued from page 3)

Museum of Art until January 2, 1994. Call 213.857.6000.

Art with a funny streak—see an exhibit of drawings and paintings by the 19th-century satirist Rolandson at the Huntington Library through February 27, 1994. Also at the Huntington: "This Fair Paper . . ." a display on the advent of printing, featuring medieval and renaissance publications. Through August 1994. For more info: 818.405.2275